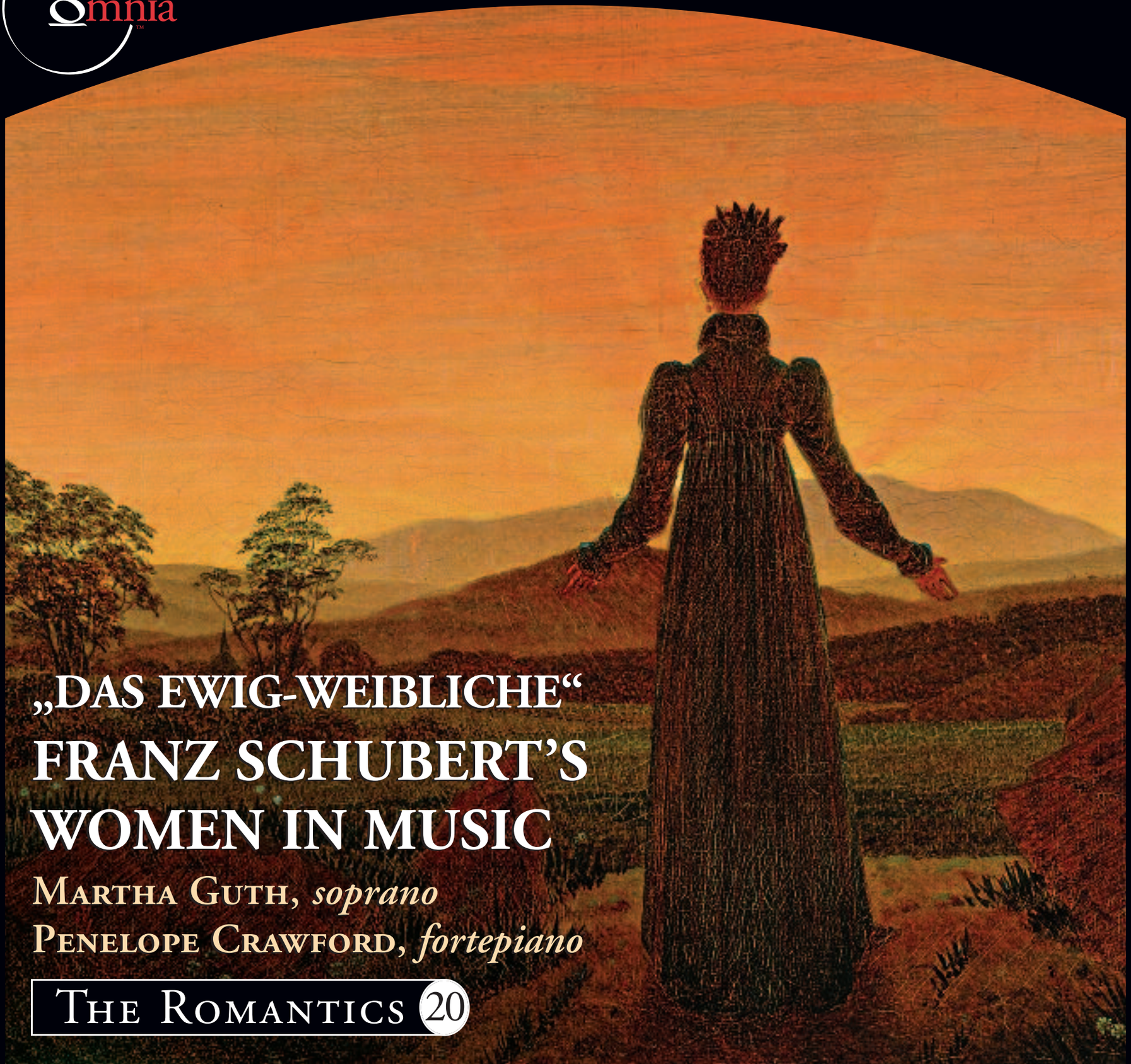
musica omnia



„DAS EWIG-WEIBLICHE“
FRANZ SCHUBERT'S WOMEN IN MUSIC

MARTHA GUTH, *soprano*
PENELOPE CRAWFORD, *fortepiano*

THE ROMANTICS 20

„DAS EWIG-WEIBLICHE“

Franz Schubert's Women in Music

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(Conrad Graf, Wien, c.1835)

"THE ETERNAL FEMININE"
Franz Schubert's Women in Music

1	*Lied der Delphine, D. 857*	*4'39*
2	*Die Männer sind méchant, D. 866, iii*	*2'34*
3	*Gretchen am Spinnrade, D. 118*	*3'28*
4	*Des Mädchens Klage, D. 191*	*3'39*
5	*Lied der Mignon, D. 877, iv*	*3'07*
6	*Kennst du das Land?, D. 321*	*4'07*
7	*Lied der Mignon, D. 877, ii*	*3'09*
8	*Lied der Mignon, D. 877, iii*	*2'48*
9	*Ein altschottische Ballade, D. 923*	*5'26*
10	*Suleika I, D. 720, i*	*4'58*
11	*Suleika II, D. 717*	*4'27*
12	*Wiegenlied (Seidl), D. 867*	*6'00*
13	*Wiegenlied (Körner), D. 304*	*2'32*
14	*Raste Krieger, D. 837*	*7'12*
15	*Jäger ruhe von der Jagd, D. 838*	*3'06*
16	*Ave Maria, D. 839*	*5'59*
17	*Die junge Nonne, D. 208*	*4'20*
18	*Litanei auf das Fest Allerseelen, D. 343*	*4'57*

Total Time: 76'32

Martha Guth

Soprano Martha Guth brings consummate musicianship, interpretive intelligence and a distinctive tonal palette to a wide range of musical styles and periods. Martha's operatic performances include the Santa Fe Opera, the Canadian Opera Company, the Grazer Oper, in Austria, Opera Lyra in Ottawa, Canada and Palma de Mallorca, Spain. In recital, she has performed at the Wigmore Hall and the Leeds Lieder Festival with Graham Johnson at the piano, the Vancouver International Song Institute and the Ottawa International Chamber Music Festival with Erika Switzer, world premiers at Lincoln Center, as well as performances with the Floristan Recital Project, the Liederkranz with Pianist Dalton Baldwin, an all Britten recital with Pianist Malcolm Martineau in NYC and with the Five Boroughs Music Festival. She has been recorded by the CBC Radio/Radio Canada, and the BBC Radio in the U.K. She has performed at St John's Smith Square in London, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, With Voices of Ascension in NYC, the Florida Orchestra, Mobile Symphony, the Calgary Philharmonic, the New Mexico Symphony Orchestra, the Aldeburgh Connection in Toronto, and both Clavecin en Concert and the Andre Turp society in Montreal. She has performed under the Batons of Maestro's Seiji Ozawa, Robert Spano, Helmut Rilling, John Nelson and Richard Bradshaw among many others.

A champion of New Music, she has premiered many pieces including works by Tom Cipullo (commissioned), Thomas Pasatieri, Stephen Chatman, John Fitz-Rogers, and Scott Gendel. Martha curates the Casement Fund Song Series based in NYC, is a founding faculty member as well as the co-director of their Contemporary Performance Studies program, at the Vancouver International Song institute (VISI), and is the Co-creator and Co-Editor of 'Sparks and Wiry Cries' an e-magazine dedicated to scholarship, exploration and performance in Art Song.

Penelope Crawford

Internationally acclaimed as one of America's master performers on historical keyboard instruments, Penelope Crawford has appeared as soloist with modern and period instrument orchestras, and as recitalist and chamber musician on major North American concert series. From 1975 to 1990 she was harpsichordist and fortepianist with the Ars Musica Baroque Orchestra, one of the first period instrument ensembles in North America. Her recordings, which have appeared on the Timegate, Titanic, Wild Boar, Loft, and Musica Omnia labels, include major chamber works of Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann with the Atlantis Trio, the Mozart and Beethoven fortepiano and wind quintets with the Cambini Winds, and Schubert's two major Lieder cycles, *die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise* with baritone Max van Egmond. Her recording of Beethoven's last three piano sonatas won the 2011 "Record of the Year Award" from Music Web International.

In addition to teaching a doctoral seminar in 18th- and 19th- century piano performance practices at the University of Michigan, Ms. Crawford served for twenty-five years on the artist faculty of the Oberlin Baroque Performance Institute. She has been involved as Artistic Director and performer in several important international conferences: *Händel's Messiah: History & Performance* (1980 Ann Arbor) *Michigan MozartFest* (1989, Ann Arbor); *Schubert's Piano Music* (1995, Washington D. C.); and *Beyond Notation: The Performance and Pedagogy of Improvisation in Mozart's Music* (2002, Ann Arbor). Crawford's performance degrees came from the Eastman School of Music and the University of Michigan, with additional studies in Salzburg and Rome. Her teachers have included Cécile Genhart, Rosina Lhevinne, Guido Agosti, Kurt Neumüller and Gyorgy Sandor.

SCHUBERT'S WOMEN IN MUSIC

Lied der Delphine, D. 857 – text by Christian Wilhelm von Schütz (1776-1847), September 1825 (?)

Die Männer sind méchant, D. 866, no. 3 – text by Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804-1875), Summer 1828 (?)

Gretchen am Spinnrade, D. 118 – text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), October 1814

Des Mädchens Klage, D. 191 – text by Friedrich Schiller (1759-1805), May 1815

Kennst du das Land, D. 321 – text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, October 1815

Lied der Mignon (Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt), D. 877, no. 4 – text by Johann

Wolfgang von Goethe, January 1826

Lied der Mignon (Heiss mich nicht reden), D. 877, no. 2 – text by Goethe, January 1826 (?)

Lied der Mignon (So last mich scheinen), D. 877, no. 3 – text by Goethe, January 1826

Eine altschottische Ballade, D. 923 – text from Thomas Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1775), trans. by Johann Gottfried Herder (1744-1803)

Suleika I (Was bedeutet die Bewegung?), D. 720 – text by Marianne von Willemer, 1784-1860, revised by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Suleika II (Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen), D. 717 – text by Marianne von Willemer, revised by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wiegenlied, D. 867 – text by Johann Gabriel Seidl, 1826 (?)

Wiegenlied, D. 304 – text by Karl Theodor Körner (1791-1813), October 1815

Ellens Gesang I (Raste Krieger, Krieg ist aus), D. 837 – text by Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) Spring 1825

Ellens Gesang II (Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd), D. 838 – Spring 1825

Ellens Gesang III (Ave Maria), D. 839 – Spring 1825

Die junge Nonne, D. 828 – text by Jacob Nicolaus Craigher de Jachelutta (1797-1855), 1824/early 1825

Litanei auf das Fest Allerseelen, D. 343 – text by Johann Georg Jacobi (1740-181), August 1816

Great geniuses, like Shakespeare and Schubert, are able to create characters utterly unlike themselves; perhaps they even stretch the boundaries of their imaginations by inventing fictive people with whom they have nothing objective in common—or by setting them to music. Schubert's empathy with female characters in poetry is evident from the beginning: one of his first extant works is an unfinished setting from 1809 or 1810—he would have been 13 years old—of a poem by "the Sappho of Vienna," a woman named Gabriele von Baumberg writing of her ardent desire for an artistic vocation in life. Thereafter Schubert would fashion music for an entire portrait gallery of women in lyric poetry, including nuns, ghosts, mothers, heroines from Sir Walter Scott, Abraham's wife Hagar, the Virgin Mary, Iphigenia, village girls at their spinning wheels, and quite a few women in the throes of love. Like his chosen poets, Schubert pays these fictive women the ultimate compliment of transforming their complex inner lives into music of matching complexity.

The minor German Romantic writer Wilhelm von Schütz's pseudo-Oriental drama *Lacrimas* was by far his most popular work; such was its resonance that Joseph Goebbels, of all people, wrote his university dissertation on it. (It is rather satisfying to report that it is an undistinguished piece of work.) In Schütz's play, the tale of the Moorish hero Lacrimas and his beloved Ismene is intertwined with that of Florio and the slave-girl **Delphine**, who is

really the long-lost daughter of Amru, Sultan of Merameris. When Delphine returns to her native country, she is imprisoned by her over-protective father, where Florio can only see her by working as a woodcutter in the nearby forest; as he sings, Delphine recognizes the suitor to whom she gave her heart in Malaga. Act 4, scene 2 begins with this monologue for Delphine, now hopelessly in love with her mysterious serenader, who is really Amigad, long-lost son of the sultan Tansor. If this sounds in summary like a farrago of Romantic nonsense, there are serious themes of cultural otherness (European concerns grafted onto Moorish, Persian, Chinese, etc. locales), race, class, and desire at work in the drama as well.

In Schubert's hands, this long song sung by a virgin on the brink of sexual knowledge is operatic in its breadth, and yet has a grace, a tentative quality, and a delicacy appropriate to Delphine's youth. If it owes something to the classical equipoise of the 18th-century operatic genius Christoph Willibald Gluck, but Schubert's sympathies with awakening female passion also produce typical bold experimentation with wide-ranging tonalities and a vocal compass that expands upward as desire climbs higher and higher, all the way to a rare high C. Since the song belongs to Delphine's lengthy period of misfortune, it is satisfying to read ahead and learn that requited love receives its reward at the end.

Schubert's slightly younger Viennese contemporary Johann Gabriel Seidl was an extremely prolific writer: it is difficult to pick up an Austrian or German literary periodical from the 1820s and 1830s without tripping over his name. He was also pushy and pestered Schubert to set his poems to music; Schubert obliged on 11 occasions, but brusquely refused to have anything to do with other poems "in which I could find absolutely nothing poetic or useful for music" (double damnation). **Die Männer sind méchant!** belongs to a set of four refrain-songs: the lament emblazoned in the title, "Men are wicked!", is the refrain in this instance. Here, a young woman runs to her mother to lament men's "wickedness"—she has espied her sweetheart making love to another. The French word for naughtiness, "méchant,"

hints at the poet's trafficking in mild titillation, but without becoming so spicy as to land in trouble with the censors. Schubert understood and gives this song a "knowing" air, a wink to the cognoscenti who understand that true betrayed innocence is not on display here. The mimicry of erotic panting and the sly final chords put the seal on the voyeuristic purposes of poem and song alike.

Goethe's interest in the Faust legend, based on a real late 15th-century wandering showman who cast horoscopes and perhaps dabbled in alchemy, goes back to his childhood. As an adult, he would transform the traditional tale built up around the historical necromancer to make of the pact between Faust and the diabolical Mephistopheles an open-ended bet on experience. Faust constantly rewrites who he is and does not believe he can ever be completely fulfilled; should he wish to prolong any given moment, the devil can take his soul. Faust is thus Goethe's "stand-in" for all of humanity, for the glories and catastrophes of our uniquely self-conscious species. His restlessness, his desire for omniscience, is interwoven with the Goethean theme of love for a woman, her purity, her fall, and her redemptive power.

That passion reduces peace of mind to rubble is something anyone in the grip of desire can recognize. In Part I of Goethe's *Faust*, Gretchen is the archetypal village girl who is seduced by Faust with Mephistopheles' help, abandoned by him, and then executed after she murders her baby. In the scene "Gretchen's Room," before seduction and ruin, she sits at her spinning wheel and sings of peace of mind lost to wave after wave of desire in **Gretchen am Spinnrade**. Here, the primal power of female sexuality is unleashed in a floodtide of music; that a seventeen-year-old youth wrote it is forever astonishing. We hear disturbance from the beginning: the piano obsessively repeats a doom-laden D minor harmony, followed by a jump to an unexpected harmony, a bone-crunching dissonance, and back to the obsessive initial chord. This music is a vivid pictograph of a mind disordered by the initial experience of desire.

The writings of Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller played an important role in Schubert's formative years: his youthful circle of friends in earnest pursuit of literary and philosophical knowledge read Schiller, and this great poet's plays, poems, and essays would

have been an essential part of their mental furniture. Schiller's struggles to become a writer, his intense work ethic, his anti-authoritarian views could only have enhanced Schubert's attraction to this writer, given that those traits were his as well. Schiller wrote three plays centered on Albrecht von Wallenstein, a commander in the Thirty Years' War (1618 to 1648, one of the longest and most destructive conflicts in European modern history); Goethe directed the premières of all three dramas in 1798 and 1799. In Act 3 of the second play, *Die Piccolomini*, Wallenstein's daughter Thekla — in love, Romeo-and-Juliet style with Max Piccolomini, the son of the man opposed to her father's designs – picks up a guitar and accompanies herself in a song, after playing a "melancholy prelude." The song is **Des Mädchens Klage**: without realizing it, she foreshadows both her lover's death and her own. Schubert set this poem three times, and it is the second setting, not the final one, that has attracted musicians and listeners the most. The resemblance between the singer's initial phrase and the "Lacrimoso" from Mozart's Requiem seems only too appropriate for this tear-stained, death-haunted song, each of its four stanzas set to the same music. With each repetition, the sense of fatalism grows.

Schubert was, it is fair to say, obsessed with the nine inset-poems included in Goethe's second novel, *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* (William Master's—the allusion is to Shakespeare—Apprenticeship, 1795-1796); he composed 21 songs to these texts between 1815 and 1826. Goethe's novel is a *Bildungsroman*, in which a young man grows to maturity, or, in this instance, outgrows his flattering illusions at considerable cost to those around him. He is molded, as we all are, by those he encounters on his journey through life, including the mysterious characters of Mignon and the Harper, whose full identity and tragic history we only learn after the Harper commits suicide near the end of the novel. He was once Augustin, the son of the eccentric Marquis Cipriani in Italy; raised apart from his younger sister Sperata (her name derived from the Italian feminine noun "Speranza," or hope) and ignorant of her existence, he meets her as a young man, they fall in love, and she bears him a child: Mignon. When their unwitting incest is revealed, Sperata dies, and the Harper wanders hither and yon, singing of his sorrow and guilt. His songs make manifest both art's power over death and its

futility in the face of death, its conversion of the world into exquisitely ordered language and its creator's inability to cope with tragic reality. His daughter Mignon is a quasi-androgynous creature (Goethe calls her a "Knabenmädchen," or "boy-girl") in early adolescence; kidnapped when very young, she is rescued from her harsh life in an acrobatic troupe by Wilhelm Meister and falls in love with him. She does not know her age ("Nobody has counted," she says in her broken German), she dresses in boy's clothes, and she speaks of herself in the third person except in her songs. She symbolizes humanity's two natures, earthly and spiritual, male and female, and she has prophetic powers. Her life is governed by "Sehnsucht" or "longing," a form of Romantic desire that manifests itself as affliction; in song, she reaches out for the lost and irretrievable ideal.

At the beginning of Book 3 of the novel, Mignon sings **Kennst du das Land** with "a certain solemn grandeur, as if … she were imparting something of importance." Schubert imbues her memories of her native Italy with the solemnity and expressivity Goethe wanted and then ends each stanza with the urgent refrain "Dahin, dahin!" and an appeal to her "Beloved, Protector, Father" (Wilhelm) to take her there. **Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt** is presented in the novel as Wilhelm's incomplete transcription of a duet sung by the Harper and Mignon. This is Schubert's sixth and final version of this poem, and it is a thorough re-working of an earlier song, "Ins stille Land," D. 403 to a poem by Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis, whose persona asks when he might be granted surcease from sorrow. In this solo version, we hear a beautifully-shaped melody of lamentation, varied in mid-song by emotional upheaval registered in powerful chromatic harmonies. **Heiß mich nicht reden** is introduced in somewhat offhand manner in Goethe's Book 5, Chapter 6 as "a poem Mignon had recited once or twice with great expressiveness." The vow of which she sings is one she made to the Virgin Mary, who promised her protection as she was being kidnapped: she would never tell her story and would live and die in expectation of divine intervention. Schubert sets these grave words to the dactylic rhythms (long-short-short/long-short-short) that often indicate cosmic matters in his songs, although this pattern is supplanted on the final page by a blaze of proto-Wagnerian harmonies. **So laßt mich scheinen** comes from

Book 8, Chapter 2, when Wilhelm's eventual bride Natalie tells him about a birthday party at which Mignon played the part of an angel. Refusing to take off her costume, she sings this song foretelling her transcendence after death, her music devoid of anger, self-pity, or even resignation. Throughout much of the song, Schubert maintains a repeated pitch hidden inside the piano's chords, as if it were the emblem of the land beyond death on which her gaze is fixed. The harmonic swerve at the words "tiefen Schmerz" is a beautifully economical register of the difference between the "deep sorrow" she endures in this life and an afterlife where she will be transfigured.

Folk ballads from England, Ireland, and Scotland were hugely fashionable and influential in the early days of German Romanticism, and **Eine altschottische Ballade** is Schubert's contribution to the trend: a grim tale of patricide by someone named "Eduard," who denies the murder, plans to flee across the ocean, coldly abandons wife and child to beggary, and—for good measure—curses his mother at the end of their dialogue. Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, included the poem in his three-volume *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* in 1765, and his volume in turn was an important source for Johann Gottfried Herder, the late 18th-century philosopher, theologian, poet, and literary critic whose *Stimmen der Völker in Liedern* (Voices of the Peoples in Song) appeared in various editions between 1778 and 1807. Percy's version is considered suspect by some folklore scholars, but it gave rise to masterful songs by Carl Loewe, Schubert, and Johannes Brahms. Schubert refuses all taint of the dramatic and instead distills his music to the bare bones. We hear how the act of murder hollows out the soul.

One marvelous aspect of Goethe's genius was his capacity to reinvent himself, to search continually for new sources of experience and literature. Two factors combined to produce his 1819 anthology *Der West-östliche Divan* (The West-Eastern Diwan—a "diwan" is the Persian term for a collection of lyrical poems): his discovery of the Orientalist Joseph von Hammer-Purgstall's translations/paraphrases of poems by Hafez (circa 1325-circa 1390), the great Persian writer of ghazals (an ancient poetic form in couplets and a refrain, equivalent in difficulty to the sonnet), and his love for Marianne von Willemer, married to the banker

Johann Jakob von Willemer, whose ward she had been. Marianne and Goethe met in 1814 and 1815 and corresponded thereafter; in their oriental games, she was Suleika and he was Hatem. He included several of her poems in the *Suleika Nameh*, "The Book of Suleika," in the *West-Eastern Divan* without attribution to her; Schubert would have thought that these poems were by Goethe. Among them are **Was bedeutet das Bewegung?** and **Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen**, or Schubert's **Suleika I** and **Suleika II**. Brahms once said that Schubert's setting of "Was bedeutet die Bewegung?" was "the loveliest song that has ever been written," and one can only agree (until the next Schubert song comes along). In Persian poetry, the west and east winds carry messages between lovers who are separated from one another; in "Suleika I," we hear the east wind rising in the piano introduction—an extraordinary passage that bespeaks rising desire as well. The "somewhat slower" closing section, pervaded by "heartbeat" repeated pitches that sound as well like drumbeats of expectation. The west wind makes its appearance in "Suleika II," when she bids it to tell her beloved that "his love is my life." We hear sorrow, urgency, and a final tentative touch of reticence– Schubert marks the closing passage "with half-voice" – in the wake of such intense expressions of passion. Schubert composed this song for the famous singer Anna Milder, who was importuning him for a setting of a poem in which he was not interested. She was initially disappointed at not getting her way but later told Schubert of singing "Suleika II" in Berlin with great success.

Throughout the late 18th century and well into the 19th, songs were largely *Hausmusik*, "music for the home," tailored to amateurs and domestic parlors. For that reason, lullabies figure prominently in the repertory; one of Schubert's predecessors, the composer Johann Friedrich Reichardt, even brought out an entire collection of *Wiegenlieder für gute deutsche Mütter* (Lullabies for Good German Mothers) in 1798. Seidl, who promoted conventional sunny sentiments and sought the widest readership for his poems, wrote numerous specimens of the genre, including **Wiegenlied (Wie sich der Äuglein)**. In this poem, Seidl links

childhood and the beginning of life to old age and the end of life, childish sleep and our final sleep in death, in a manner that was bound to attract this death-haunted composer. Seidl, avidly chasing literary fame, tells the child to "dream of the laurel [the symbol of poetic immortality] until it blooms for you," and so it did—but for Schubert, not Seidl. In some of the songs from his last years, including this one, Schubert spins many small variations on the overriding musical idea throughout a leisurely song, with music, life, and love thus prolonged for as long as possible.

The next **Wiegenlied**, also written by a male poet, is really a hymn to love and the Three Ages of Man: blissful childhood on the maternal breast, adult passion with a beloved sweetheart, and love as the angel of death who carries us to heaven. The poet Theodor Körner (the son of Christian Gottfried Körner, who was one of Schiller's friends and benefactors) was a hero in the War of the Sixth Coalition against Napoleon. Before his death in battle at age 21 in 1813, he had moved to Vienna to write dramas, opera libretti, and comedies; he was an important figure in Schubert's life because he urged the composer to pursue his art. Schubert's father wished him to become a schoolmaster, like himself, but our composer had other plans, and Körner helped him resolve to realize them. In this exquisite lullaby, each stanza begins with a soft and ethereal three-bar phrase in the treble, as if afraid of waking the child. The words "Deine Welt," "Your world," are set as a proclamation (one can almost hear Körner telling Schubert to seize "your world"), followed immediately by the tender evocation of the maternal breast.

In the early 19th century, there was a cottage industry in converting Sir Walter Scott's works into operas and songs. In his popular 1810 verse-romance *The Lady of the Lake* (not the same as the Arthurian character), set in the Trossachs region of Scotland, the Earl of Bothwell, his wife Dame Margaret, and their beautiful daughter Ellen Douglas are in hiding under the protection of Roderick Dhu of the Clan-Alpine, who shelters them in defiance of King James V's banishment of the Douglas clan. The king comes to Loch Katrine in the guise of a knight named James Fitz-James and sees Ellen, who has heard his hunting horn and believes it to be her lover Malcolm Graeme. In accord with Scottish traditions of hospitality,

she invites the stranger to her makeshift home and sings **Ellens Gesang I** and **Ellens Gesang II** as a distraction from questions about her father's whereabouts. In the first song, distant hunting horn fanfares in the beginning return twice, and so does the slow section, one of the loveliest evocations of enchanted realms in all of Schubert. In Scott's poem, the second Ellen song is the continuation of the first, with only a few lines of narrative in between. One of Schubert's friends described "Jäger, ruhe" as "the echoes of a hunting song in a beautiful dream," a consummate slumber song.

The famous "Ave Maria" or **Ellens Gesang III** comes from the end of canto 3, when Roderick Dhu summons the chieftains to warfare against the crown and Ellen prays to the Virgin for her father's safety. Above the rising-and-falling cosmic wheel in the piano, Ellen sings a long-breathed cantilena of unparalleled warmth and purity. In a letter to his father written on July 25, 1825, Schubert wrote, "[The Ave Maria] seems to touch all hearts and inspire a feeling of devotion. I believe the reason is that I never force myself to be devout and never compose hymns or prayers of that sort except when the mood strikes me, but then it is usually right and true devotion."

On 3 March 1825, the great soprano Sophie Müller wrote in her diary, "After lunch Schubert came and brought a new song, *Die junge Nonne*; later Vogl came, and I sang it to him; it is splendidly composed." Indeed it is: **Die junge Nonne** is so symphonic in conception that Liszt, an ardent proponent of Schubert's songs, orchestrated it. Jacob Nikolaus Craigher de Jachelutta (1797-1855), a wealthy Italian-born merchant resident in Vienna, met Schubert in October 1825 and described him as a "splendid person." Craigher was not, however, a splendid poet. The poem is a creaky compound of neo-Gothic clichés, but in a marvel of musical refashioning, the composer turns Craigher's cardboard nun into a three-dimensional human being. The analogy between tempests in Nature and tempests in the human heart is a venerable one; here, a young nun seeks surcease for her sorrow in mystic union with Christ. However deficient Craigher's poetic talent, the themes—the darkness of the grave, withdrawal from the world into inward mysticism, the search for peace in the heart, the renunciation of earthly erotic desire, the storminess of emotional tumult—

must have spoken very strongly to Schubert in the wake of his diagnosis of syphilis, a death-sentence. This is a subject to elicit Schubert's trademark daring harmonies and radical treatment of tonality; for example, the storm which rattles the rafters and makes the house shake jolts the key upward a half-step, until night darkens both the skies and the music, restoring the original key. The same startling modulation then tells of the erotic love that flashed like lightning and made the young woman's limbs and heart tremble. In many of his songs ("Des Baches Wiegenlied," "Das Zügenglöcklein," and "Gondelfahrer" and others), Schubert rings bells in the piano to usher his personae from one world to another, and he does so here as well. In his reading, the young nun is dying as she sings this song and is received into heaven at the end.

Litanei (Auf das Fest Aller Seelen) is a "geistliche Lied," a spiritual song whose poetic persona prays for the souls of saints and sinners alike: soldiers dead in battle, martyrs for faith, abandoned women who killed themselves, the elderly, new-born infants, in sum, all of humanity. In June 1816, shortly before composing "Litanei," Schubert wrote in his diary some tender thoughts about his dead mother Elizabeth Vietz, thoughts that came to him as he was walking through the Währing Cemetery where she was buried. (It would be his initial burial site as well, before his removal to the Grove of Honor in Vienna's Central Cemetery.) In the nineteenth century, Vienna was known for its obsession with death and its cult of the "schöne Leiche" or "beautiful corpse;" the city even has a death-and-burial museum. Given his mother's death in 1812 and those of numerous infant siblings (four girls and three boys died young in the household), Schubert would have had reasons close to home to create in "Litanei auf das Fest aller Seelen" a quietly passionate prayer for the souls of those who have departed this life.

-c. Susan Youens

Conrad Graf's Grand Piano, Opus 2148

The foremost piano builder in Vienna in the early 19th century was Conrad Graf. A perfectionist and master craftsman, Graf was at once a successful businessman, a patron of the arts, a collector of contemporary paintings, and certainly one of the most intriguing figures of Biedermeier Vienna. His reputation as the finest among many excellent instrument makers in Vienna is substantiated in contemporary sources. In 1836 Gustav Schilling wrote in the Universal-Lexicon der Tonkunst: "Graf's instruments are not only the most sought after on the continent, but are also shipped overseas and are heard, moreover, in other hemispheres. His instruments have earned a reputation for their noteworthy solidity and stability of tuning, along with their sonorous and powerful tone."

Many of Graf's instruments have survived to the present day, owing to their unique, extraordinarily stable design. Although they lack even a partial metal frame, an interior construction of laminated, interlocking oak braces has enabled them to withstand more than a century of string tension without twisting or buckling. The grand piano, Opus 2148, was found in Sweden by Edward Swenson of Trumansburg, NY, who, with the help of his colleague Robert Murphy, spent two years restoring it. The beauty of the cabinet work and the extensive gilded brass decoration suggest that the instrument may have been made for a noble family. Although unplayable at the time of its discovery, the instrument still had most of its original strings, tuning pins, leather hammers, and dampers. The piano is triple-strung (three strings per hammer) throughout most of its six-and-a-half-octave range. The case design and label suggest that the piano was built around 1835, toward the end of Graf's middle period of work, just before he won the gold medal in the first Austrian industrial products exhibition. (From December of 1835 on, the soundboards of his instruments bore printed and signed labels celebrating this triumph.) Most of Graf's piano of this period, Opus 2148 included, were equipped with four pedals: one to raise the dampers, one to shift the keyboard so that the hammers struck only one or two, rather than all three strings, and two "moderator" pedals, which placed a single or double strip of felt between the hammers and string, creating a soft and unusual timbre.

-Edward E. Swenson (Trumansburg, NY)

Lied der Delphine

Ach was soll ich beginnen
Vor Liebe?
Ach, wie sie innig durchdringet
Mein Inn'res!
Siehe, Jüngling, das Kleinste
Vom Scheitel
Bis zur Sohl' ist dir einzig
Geweihet.

O Blumen! Blumen! verwelket,
Euch pfleget
Nur, bis sie Lieb' erkennet,
Die Seele
Nichts will ich tun, wissen und haben,
Gedanken
Der Liebe, die mächtig mich fassen,
Nur tragen.

Immer sinn' ich, was ich aus Inbrunst
Wohl könne tun,
Doch zu sehr hält mich Liebe im Druck,
Nichts läßt sie zu.
Jetzt, da ich liebe, möcht' ich erst leben,
Und sterbe,
Jetzt, da ich liebe, möcht' ich hell brennen,
Und welke.

Wozu auch Blumen reihen und wässern?
Entblättert!
So sieht, wie Liebe mich entkräftet,

Delphine's Song

Oh, how shall I begin
In the face of love?
Oh, how deeply it permeates
My inner being!
See, young man, the smallest part of me
From crown
To sole is dedicated
For you alone.

Oh flowers! Flowers! You wither
Since the soul
Only tends you until it learns
Of love.
I wish to do nothing, to know and have nothing but thoughts
Of love, which holds me
in its power

I forever reflect upon what I, in my ardor,
Might do,
But love holds me so strongly,
That nothing is possible.
Now that I feel love, I wish only to first live
Then die.
Now that I feel love, I wish only to burn brightly
Then fade.

Why should I plant rows and water flowers?
They drop their leaves!
So he sees, how love overpowers me,

Sein Späh'n.
Der Rose Wange will bleichen,
Auch meine,
Ihr Schmuck zerfällt, wie verscheinen
Die Kleider.

Ach Jüngling, da du mich erfreuest
Mit Treue,
Wie kann mich mit Schmerz so bestreuen
Die Freude?

Die Männer sind méchant

Du sagtest mir es, Mutter:
Er ist ein Springinsfeld!
Ich würd' es dir nicht glauben,
Bis ich mich krank gequält!
Ja, ja, nun ist er's wirklich;
Ich hatt' ihn nur verkannt!
Du sagtest mir's, o Mutter:
„Die Männer sind méchant!"

Vor'm Dorf im Busch, als gestern
Die stille Dämm'rung sank,
Da rauscht' es: „Guten Abend!"
Da rauscht' es: „Schönen Dank!"

Ich schlich hinzu, ich horchte;
Ich stand wie festgebannt:
Er war's mit einer Andern -
„Die Männer sind méchant!"

With his gaze.
The rose's cheek will pale,
So too, will mine.
Her charms ruined, like worn out
Clothes.

Ah, young man, if you can delight me
With your faithfulness,
How can so much happiness
Be strewn with such pain?

Men Are Faithless

You told me so, mother:
He's a young rascal!
I didn't want to believe you
Until I had tormented myself sick.
Yes, now I know what he really is;
I'd simply misjudged him!
You told me so, mother:
"Men are faithless!"

Yesterday, as dusk fell silently,
In the grove outside the village
I heard a whispered "Good evening!""
And a whispered "Many thanks!"

I crept up and listened,
Stood there as if transfixed:
He was with another! -
"Men are faithless!"

O Mutter, welche Qualen!
Es muß heraus, es muß! -
Es blieb nicht bloß beim Rauschen,
Es blieb nicht bloß beim Gruß!
Vom Gruße kam's zum Kusse,
Vom Kuß zum Druck der Hand,
Vom Druck, ach liebe Mutter! -
„Die Männer sind méchant!"

O mother, what pain!
It must come out, it must!
It didn't just stop at whispering,
It didn't just stop at greetings!
From greetings it went to kisses,
From kisses to holding hands,
From holding hands … ah, dear mother,
"Men are faithless!"

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.
Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,

Margaret At The Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I shall never find it -
Ever again.

Whenever I do not have him,
That is to me as the grave,
The whole world
Becomes bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.
My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I shall never find it
Ever again.

I only watch at the window
To look for him

Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

I only leave the house
To follow after him.

The way he walks,
His noble figure,
His smile on his mouth,
His powerful gaze,

And the magic flow
Of his words,
The pressure of his clasp,
And ah - his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I shall never find it
Ever again.

My body yearns
For him.
Ah, if only I could grasp him
And hold him!

And kiss him,
The way I want to,
For his kisses
I could die!

Des Mädchens Klage

„Der Eichwald braust, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein sitzt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,

The Maiden's Lament

"The clouds rush by, the oaks roar,
The maiden sits on the green by the shore
The waves break with a mighty force,

Und sie seufzt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet."

„Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter gibt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr,
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet!"

„Es rinnet der Tränen vergeblicher Lauf,
Die Klage, sie wecket die Toten nicht auf;
Doch nenne, was tröstet und heilet die Brust
Nach der süßen Liebe verschwundener Lust,
Ich, die Himmlische, will's nicht versagen."

„Laß rinnen der Tränen vergeblichen Lauf,
Es wecke die klage den Toten nicht auf!
Das süßeste Glück für die traurende Brust,
Nach der schönen Liebe verschwund'ner Lust,
Sind der Liebe Schmerzen und Klagen."

And she sighs into the gloomy night.
Eyes blurred with tears."

"My heart has died, the world is empty,
There is nothing more that I can wish for,
Oh Holy one, call back your child,
I have enjoyed earthly bliss,
I have lived and loved."

"The tears flow without end,
This wailing cannot awaken the dead
Yet say, what can comfort and heal the heart
After sweet love's passion has vanished.
I, the heavenly maiden, will not deny it."

"Let the tears flow without end,
This lament will not wake the dead!
The sweetest joy for the souls' mourning,
After fair love's lost passion,
Is the pain and lamenting of love."

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Sie' ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.

Only One Who Knows Longing

Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I gaze at the firmament
Towards the other side.

Ach! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.

Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

I reel,
And it burns my vitals.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

Kennst du das Land?

Kennst du das Land, wo die
Zitronen blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert
das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Do You Know The Land?

Do you know the land where the
lemon trees bloom?;
Among dark leaves, the golden orange glows,
A gentle breeze blows from the azure sky,
The myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall?
Do you know it?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
I would go with you, oh my beloved.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests on pillars,
The hall glows brightly and the
chamber shimmers,
The marble figures stand and look right at me:
What have they done to you, oh wretched child?
Do you know it?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
I would go with you, oh my protector.

Do you know the mountain with the cloudy path?
The mule is seeking passage through the mist;
In caverns dwell the ancient brood of dragons;
The cliff rocks plunge over it the rushing torrent!
Do you know it?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Lies our path! Oh father, let us go there!

Heiß mich nicht reden

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht,
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muß sich erhellen,
Der harten Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf
Mißgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen
Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergießen,
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschließen.

Do Not Ask Me To Speak

Do not ask me to speak - ask me to be silent,
Then my secret is my duty.
I would that I could bare my whole soul to you,
But Fate does not permit it.

At the right time, the sun's course will rise
To dispel the dark night, and day must break.
The hard rock will open its bosom; and
Ungrudgingly, the earth will release deep
hidden springs.

Another may seek calm in the arms of a friend;
There one can pour out the pain of one's heart.
But for me alone, a vow locks my lips,
And only a god has the power to open them.

So laßt mich scheinen

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weiße Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes dunkle Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich laße dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Let Me Seem Thus

So let me seem thus until I become it;
Don't take the white dress away from me!
I hasten from the beautiful earth
Down into that solid house.

I will rest there for a quiet moment,
And then I will open my eyes afresh;
I will leave, then, the spotless raiment,
The girdle and the wreath.

And those heavenly beings
Do not ask whether one is 'man' or 'woman',
So then no clothes, no robes
Will cover my transfigured body.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genung.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Though I lived without care and toil,
Yet have I felt deep suffering.
Through sorrow I grew old too soon;
Make me forever young again!

Ein altschottische Ballade

„Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so rot?
Edward, Edward!
Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so rot?
Und gehst so traurig da? O!"

„Ich hab geschlagen meinen Geier tot,
Mutter Mutter!
Ich hab geschlagen meinen Geier tot
Und das, das geht mir nah. O!"

„Deines Geiers Blut ist nicht so rot,
Edward, Edward!
Deines Geiers Blut ist nicht so rot,
Mein Sohn, bekenn' mir frei. O!"

„Ich hab geschlagen mein Rotroß tot,
Mutter, Mutter!
Ich hab geschlagen mein Rotroß tot,
Und's war so stolz und treu. O!"

„Dein Roß war alt und hast's nicht not,
Edward, Edward!
Dein Roß war alt und hast's nicht not,
Dich drückt ein andrer Schmerz. O!"

An Ancient Scottish Ballad

"Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O?"

"O, I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
Mither, mither;
O, I have kill'd my hawk sae gude,
And I had nae mair but he, O!"

"Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward?
Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son I tell thee, O!"

"O, I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither;
O, I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
That erst wa sae fair and free, O!"

"Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward, Edward?
Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Some other dole ye dree, O!"

„Ich hab geschlagen meinen Vater tot!
Mutter, Mutter!
Ich hab geschlagen meinen Vater tot,
Und das, das quält mein Herz! O!“

„Und was wirst du nun an dir tun,
Edward, Edward?
Und was wirst du nun an dir tun,
Mein Sohn, bekenn’ mir mehr! O!“

„Auf Erden soll mein Fuß nicht ruhn!
Mutter, Mutter!
Auf Erden soll mein Fuß nicht ruhn!
Will wandern übers Meer! O!“

„Und was soll werden dein Weib
und Kind,
Edward, Edward?
Und was soll werden dein Weib
und Kind,
Wann du gehst übers Meer? O!“

„Die Welt ist groß, laß sie betteln drin,
Mutter, Mutter!
Die Welt ist groß, laß sie betteln drin,
Ich seh sie nimmermehr! O!“

„Und was soll deine Mutter tun,
Edward, Edward?
Und was soll deine Mutter tun
Mein Sohn, das sage mir? O!“

“O, I hae slain my father dear,
Mither, mither;
O, I hae slain my father dear,
Alas, and wae is me, O!”

“And whatten pennance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward?
Whatten pennance will ye dree for that
My dear son, now tell me, O!”

“I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither;
I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I’ll gang over the sea, O.”

“And what will ye leave to your bairns and
your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and
your wife,
When ye gang over the sea, O?”

“The warld’s room, let them beg through life,
Mither, mither;
The warld’s room, let them beg through life;
For them never mair will I see, O.”

“And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
My dear son, now tell me, O!”

„Der Fluch der Hölle soll auf euch ruhn,
Mutter, Mutter!
Der Fluch der Hölle soll auf euch ruhn,
Denn ihr, ihr rietet's mir! O!"

Suleikas Gesang an den Ostwind

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,
Küßt die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüßen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

"The curse of hell from me sall ye bear,
Mither, mither;
The curse of hell from me sall ye bear,
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!"

Suleika's Song To The Eastwind

What does this commotion mean?
Does the East wind bring glad tidings?
The refreshing movement of its wings
Cools the heart's deep wound.

It plays caressingly with the dust,
Chasing it into light clouds.
And drives the happy swarm of insects
To the security of the vine-leaves.

It gently tempers the sun's heat,
And cools my hot cheeks,
Even as it flies, it kisses the vines
That adorn the fields and hills.

And its soft whispering brings me
A thousand greetings from my beloved;
Before these hills grow dark,
I will be greeted by a thousand kisses.

So as you go on your way
And serve the happy and the sad.
There, where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrischtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Athem geben.

Ah, the true message of his heart,
Love's breath, refreshing life
Will come to me only from his lips,
And can be given to me only by his breath.

Suleikas Gesang an den Westwind

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag' ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

Suleika's Song To The Westwind

Ah, West wind, how I envy
Your mist-heavy wings:
For you can tell him
Of what I suffer in our separation!

The movement of your wings
Awakens in my breast a silent longing;
Flowers, meadows, forests and hills
Grow tearful at your breath.

Yet your mild, gentle blowing
Cools my aching eyelids;
Ah, I should die of grief
If I had no hope of seeing him again.

Hasten then to my beloved -
Speak gently to his heart;
But be careful not to distress him,
And conceal my pain from him.

Tell him, but tell him humbly,
That his love is my life,
And that his presence will give me
A joyous sense of both.

Wiegenlied (Seidl)

Wie sich der Äuglein kindlicher Himmel,
Schlummerbelastet, lässig verschließt!
Schließe sie einst so, lockt dich die Erde:
Drinnen ist Himmel, außen ist Lust!

Wie dir so schlafrot glühet die Wange!
Rosen aus Eden hauchten sie an:
Rosen die Wangen, Himmel die Augen,
Heiterer Morgen, himmlischer Tag!

Wie des Gelockes goldige Wallung
Kühlet der Schläfe glühenden Saum.
Schön ist das Goldhaar, schöner der Kranz drauf:
Träum du vom Lorbeer, bis er dir blüht.

Liebliches Mündchen, Engel umweh'n dich,
Drinnen die Unschuld, drinnen die Lieb!
Wahre sie, Kindchen, wahre sie treulich!
Lippen sind Rosen, Lippen sind Glut.

Wie dir ein Engel faltet die Händchen,
Falte sie einst so, gehst du zur Ruh'!
Schön sind die Träume, wenn man gebetet:
Und das Erwachen lohnt mit dem Traum.

Cradle Song (Seidl)

Look how the child's heavenly eyes
Full of sleep, carelessly close!
You close them thus, when the earth calls you:
Heaven is within you, outside is joy.

How your cheeks glow red with sleep!
As if roses from Eden have breathed upon them:
Your cheeks are roses, your eyes are heaven,
Bright morning, heavenly day!

How the golden waves of your locks
Cool the glowing edge of your temples.
Lovely is the golden hair, lovelier the garland on it:
Dream of the laurel until it blooms for you.

Sweet little mouth, the angels surround you,
Inside is innocence, inside is love!
Guard them, my child, guard them faithfully!
Your Lips are roses, your lips are warmth.

As an angel folds your little hands,
Fold them also thus one day when you go to rest!
Dreams are beautiful, when you pray:
And your awakening rewards you with a dream.

Wiegenlied (Körner)

Schlumm're sanft! Noch an dem Mutterherzen!
Fühlst du nicht des Lebens Qual und Lust;
Deine Träume kennen keine Schmerzen,
Deine Welt ist deiner Mutter Brust.

Cradle Song (Körner)

Slumber gently! In your mother's arms!
Do not yet feel the pain and the joy of life.
Your dreams know no sorrows;
Your whole world is your mother's breast.

Ach! wie süß träumt man die frühen Stunden,
Wo man von der Mutterliebe lebt;
Die Erinnerung ist mir verschwunden,
Ahnung bleibt es nur, die mich durchbebt.

Ah! how sweetly dreams one in the early hours,
When we live by motherly love;
My memory of them has faded;
All that remains is the idea, but it lives in me.

Ellens erster Gesang

„Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,
Träume nicht von wildem Strauß
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken."

„In der Insel Zauberhallen
Wird ein weicher Schlafgesang
Um das müde Haupt dir wallen
Zu der Zauberharfe Klang."

„Feen mit unsichtbaren Händen
Werden auf dein Lager hin
Holde Schlummerblumen senden,
Die im Zauberlande blühn."

„Raste Krieger, Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,
Träume nicht von wildem Strauß
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken."

„Nicht der Trommel wildes Rasen,
Nicht des Kriegs Gebietend Wort,
Nicht der Todeshörner Blasen
Scheuchen deinen Schlummer fort."

Ellen's First Song

"Soldier Rest! The war is done,
Sleep the sleep, that nothing can disturb;
Do not dream of the wild battle,
Nor of days and nights full of horror."

"In our island's enchanted hall,
A pale soft lullaby
From the magic harp,
Shall fall on your weary head."

"Fairies with unseen hands
Will strew on your bed
sweet flowers of sleep
That bloom in that magic land."

"Soldier Rest! The war is done,
Sleep the sleep that nothing can disturb,
Do not dream of the wild battle
Nor of days and nights full of horror."

"Neither the wild crash of drums
Nor wars summons to battle,
Nor the sounding of deaths horn,
Shall frighten away your sleep."

„Nicht das Stampfen wilder Pferde,
Nicht der Schreckensruf der Wacht,
Nicht das Bild von Tagsbeschwerde
Stören deine stille Nacht.“

„Doch der Lerche Morgensänge
Wecken sanft dein schlummernd Ohr,
Und des Sumpfgefieders Klänge
Steigend aus Geschilf und Rohr.“

„Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,
Träume nicht von wildem Strauß
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.“

*“Neither the stomping of frenzied horses,
Nor the sentries fearful cry,
Nor the picture of the day’s cares
Shall disturb your tranquil night.”*

*“Yet the lark’s morning song
Shall gently awaken your slumbering ear,
And the sounds of the marsh birds,
soaring from the sedgy shallow.”*

*“Soldier, rest! The war is done,
Sleep the sleep that nothing can disturb:
Do not dream of the wild battle
Nor of days and nights full of horror.”*

Ellens zweiter Gesang

„Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken,
Träume nicht, wenn Sonn’ erwacht,
Daß Jagdhörner dich erwecken.“

„Schlaf! der Hirsch ruht in der Höhle,
Bei dir sind die Hunde wach,
Schlaf, nicht quäl’ es deine Seele,
Daß dein edles Roß erlag.“

„Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken,
Wenn der junge Tag erwacht,
wird kein Jägerhorn dich wecken.“

Ellen’s Second Song

*“Huntsman, rest! Thy chase is done,
Gentle slumber shall cover you,
Dream not, that with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.”*

*“Sleep! The deer rests in his den;
Thy hounds lie awake beside you;
Sleep! Let it not torment your soul,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.”*

*“Huntsman, rest! Thy chase is done
Gentle slumber shall cover you,
When the young day awakens
Here no bugles sound reveillé.”*

Ellens dritter Gesang

„Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild,
Erhöre einer Jungfrau Flehen,
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild
Soll mein Gebet zu dir hinwehen.
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum Morgen,
Ob Menschen noch so grausam sind.
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau Sorgen,
O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!
Ave Maria!“

„Ave Maria! Unbefleckt!
Wenn wir auf diesen Fels hinsinken
Zum Schlaf, und uns dein Schutz bedeckt
Wird weich der harte Fels uns dünken.
Du lächelst, Rosendüfte wehen
In dieser dumpfen Felsenkluft,
O Mutter, höre Kindes Flehen,
O Jungfrau, eine Jungfrau ruft!
Ave Maria!“

„Ave Maria! Reine Magd!
Der Erde und der Luft Dämonen,
Von deines Auges Huld verjagt,
Sie können hier nicht bei uns wohnen,
Wir woll’n uns still dem Schicksal beugen,
Da uns dein heil’ger Trost anweht;
Der Jungfrau wolle hold dich neigen,
Dem Kind, das für den Vater fleht.
Ave Maria!“

Ellen’s Third Song

“Ave, Maria! Maiden mild!
Oh listen to a maiden’s prayer;
For thou canst hear tho’ from the wild,
And Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care
Tho’ banish’d outcast and reviled,
Oh, Maiden hear a maiden’s prayer.
Oh Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!”

“Ave, Maria! Undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share,
Shall seem with down of eider piled
If Thy, if Thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern’s heavy air
Shall breath of Balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden hear a maiden’s prayer.
Oh Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!”

“Ave, Maria! Stainless-styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee, shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care
Beneath Thy guidance reconciled,
Hear for a maid a maiden’s prayer;
And for a father bear a child!
Ave Maria!”

Die junge Nonne

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der
heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

Immerhin, immerhin, so tobt' es auch jüngst
noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

Nun tobe, du wilder gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen
ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland!
mit sehnendem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam,
hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein
vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süße Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höhn.
Alleluja!

The Young Nun

How loudly the howling wind roars
through the trees!
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!
Thunder rolls, lighting flashes,
And dark is the night - as the grave!

All the same, ever all the same, so it once raged
in me not long ago!
My life roared like the storm,
My limbs trembled like the house,
Love burst into flame, like the lightning,
And my heart was as dark as the grave.

Now rage, you wild, powerful storm,
In my heart there is peace; in my heart
there is calm.
The groom awaits the loving bride,
Cleansed by the purifying flames,
To eternal Love betrothed.

I await you, my Saviour,
with a yearning gaze!
Come, my heavenly bridegroom,
take your bride,
Rescue her soul from earthly imprisonment.
Listen: the bell rings peacefully from
the tower!
That sweet tone invites me
Overpoweringly to eternal heights.
Halleluja!

Litanei auf das Fest Allerseelen

Ruh'n in Frieden alle Seelen,
Die vollbracht ein banges Quälen,
Die vollendet süßen Traum,
Lebenssatt, geboren kaum,
Aus der Welt hinüberschieden:
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Liebevoller Mädchen Seelen,
Deren Tränen nicht zu zählen,
Die ein falscher Freund verließ,
Und die blinde Welt verstieß
Alle die von hinnen schieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Und die nie der Sonne lachten,
Unterm Mond auf
Dornen wachten,
Gott, im reinen Himmelslicht,
Einst zu sehn von Angesicht:
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

A Litany For All Souls

Rest in peace, all souls
Those who are done with anxious torment,
Those who are done with sweet dreams
Who, sated with life and hardly born,
Have departed from this world:
All souls rest in peace!

Maiden souls, full of love,
Whose tears cannot be counted,
Who, abandoned by a faithless lover,
Disowned the blind world;
All who have departed hence,
All souls rest in peace!

And those who could never smile at the sun,
Who lay awake beneath the moon on
beds of thorns,
So that they might one day see God face to face
In the pure light of heaven:
All who have departed hence,
All souls rest in peace!

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